AN UNFINISHED STORY

A Queer Dream Incited by Thoughts of Man's Inhumanity.

By O. HENRY.

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We no longer groan and heap ashes upon our heads when the flames of Tophet are mentioned, for even the preachers have begun to tell us that God is radium or ether or some scientific compound and that the worst we wicked ones may expect is a chemical reaction. This is a pleasing hypothesis, but there lingers yet some of the old, goodly terror of orthodoxy.

There are but two subjects upon which one may discourse with a free imagination and without the possibility of being controverted. You may talk of your dreams, and you may tell what you heard a parrot say. Both Morpheus and the bird are incom-

"A GENTLEMAN'S DOWNSTAIRS TO SEE YOU," SHE SAID.

petent witnesses, and your listener dare not attack your recital. The baseless fabric of a vision, then, shall furnish my theme, chosen with apologies and regrets instead of the more limited field of pretty Polly's small talk.

I had a dream that was so far removed from the higher criticism that it had to do with the ancient, respectable and lamented bar of judgment theory.

Gabriel had played his trump, and those of us who could not follow suit were arraigned for examination. I noticed at one side a gathering of professional bondsmen in solemn black and collars that buttoned behind, but it seemed there was some trouble about their real estate titles, and they did not appear to be getting any of us out.

A fly cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous looking spirits arraigned for judgment.

"Do you belong with that bunch?" the policeman asked.

"Who are they?" was my answer.

"Why," said he, "they are"—

But this irrelevant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

Dulcie worked in a department store. She sold Hamburg edging, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned Dulcie received $6 per week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else's account in the ledger kept by G.

Oh, primal energy, you say, reverend doctor. Well, then, in the ledger of primal energy.

During her first year in the store Dulcie was paid $5 per week. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Don't care? Very well. Probably you are interested in larger amounts. Six dollars is a larger amount. I will tell you how she lived on $6 per week.

One afternoon at 6, when Dulcie was sticking her hatpin within an eighth of an inch of her medulla oblongata, she said to her chum, Sadie—the girl that waits on you with her left side:

"Say, Sadie, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy."

"You never did!" exclaimed Sadie admiringly. "Well, ain't you the lucky one? Piggy's an awful swell, and he always takes a girl to swell places. He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening, where they have swell music and you see a lot of swells. You'll have a swell time, Dulce."

Dulcie hurried homeward. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink of life's—real life's—approaching dawn. It was Friday, and she had 50 cents left of her last week's wages.

The streets were filled with the rush hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway were glowing, calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness around to come in and attend the singeing school. Men in accurate clothes, with faces like those carved on cherry stones by the old salts in sailors' homes, turned and stared at Dulcie as she sped, unheeding, past them. Manhattan, the night blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead white, heavy odored petals.

Dulcie stopped in a store where goods were cheap and bought an imitation lace collar with her 50 cents. That money was to have been spent otherwise—15 cents for supper, 10 cents for breakfast, 10 cents for lunch. Another dime was to be added to her small store of savings, and 5 cents was to be squandered for licorice drops—the kind that made your cheek look like the toothache and last as long. The licorice was an extravagance—almost a carouse—but what is life without pleasures?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference between a furnished room and a boarding house—in a furnished room other people do not know it when you go hungry.

Dulcie went up to her room—the third floor back in a west side brownstone front. She lit the gas. Scientists tell us that the diamond is the hardest substance known. Their mistake. Landladies know of a compound beside which the diamond is as putty. They pack it in the tips of gas burners, and one may stand on a chair and dig at it in vain until one's fingers are pink and bruised. A hairpin will not remove it; therefore let us call it immovable.

So Dulcie lit the gas. In its one-fourth candle power glow we will observe the room.

Couch bed, dresser, table, washstand, chair—of this much the landlady was guilty. The rest was Dulcie's.

On the dresser were her treasures—a gilt china vase presented to her by Sadie, a calendar issued by a pickle works, a book on the divination of dreams, some rice powder in a glass dish and a cluster of artificial cherries tied with a pink ribbon.

Against the wrinkly mirror stood pictures of General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough and Benvenuto Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster of paris plaque of an O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a violent oleograph of a lemon colored child assaulting an inflammatory butterfly. This was Dulcie's final judgment in art, but it had never been upset. Her rest had never been disturbed by whispers of stolen copes; no critic had elevated his eyebrows at her infantile entomologist.

Piggy was to call for her at 7. While she swiftly makes ready let us discreetly face the other way and gossip.

For the room Dulcie paid $2 per week. On week days her breakfast costs 10 cents. She made coffee and cooked an egg over the gaslight while she was dressing. On Sunday mornings she feasted royally on veal chops and pineapple fritters at "Billy's" restaurant at a cost of 25 cents and tipped the waitress 10 cents. New York presents so many temptations for one to run into extravagance.

She had her lunches in the department store restaurant at a cost of 60 cents for the week. Dinners were $1.05. The evening papers—show me a New Yorker going without his daily paper!—came to 6 cents, and two Sunday papers, one for the personal column and the other to read, were 10 cents. The total amounts to $4.76. Now, one has to buy clothes, and—

I give it up. I hear of wonderful bargains in fabrics and of miracles performed with needle and thread, but I am in doubt. I hold my pen poised in vain when I would add to Dulcie's life some of those joys that belong to woman by virtue of all the unwritten, sacred, natural, inactive ordinances of the equity of heaven. Twice she had been to Coney Island and had ridden the hobbyhorses. 'Tis a weary thing to count your pleasures by summers instead of by hours.

Piggy needs but a word. When the girls named him an undeserving stigma was cast upon the noble family of swine.

The words of three letters lesson in the old blue spelling book begins with Piggy's biography. He was fat; he had the soul of a rat, the habits of a bat and the magnanimity of a cat. He wore expensive clothes and was a connoisseur in starvation. He could look at a shopgirl and tell you to an hour how long it had been since she had eaten anything more nourishing than marshmallows and tea.

He hung about the shopping districts and prowled around in department stores with his invitations to dinner.

Men who escort dogs upon the streets at the end of a string look down upon him.

He is a type. I can dwell upon him no longer. My pen is not the kind intended for him. I am no carpenter.

At ten minutes to 7 Dulcie was ready. She looked at herself in the wrinkly mirror. The reflection was satisfactory. The dark blue dress, fitting without a wrinkle, the hat with its jaunty black feather, the but slightly soiled gloves—all representing self denial, even of food itself—were vastly becoming.

Dulcie forgot everything else for a moment except that she was beautiful and that life was about to lift a corner of its mysterious veil for her to observe its wonders. No gentleman had ever asked her out before. Now she was going for a brief moment into the glitter and exalted show.

The girls said that Piggy was a "spender." There would be a grand dinner and music and splendidly dressed ladies to look at and things to eat that strangely twisted the girls' jaws when they tried to tell about them. No doubt she would be asked out again.

There was a blue pongee suit in a window that she knew—by saving 20 cents a week instead of 10 in—let's see— Oh, it would run into years! But there was a secondhand store in Seventh avenue where—

Somebody knocked at the door. Dulcie opened it. The landlady stood there with a spurious smile, sniffing for cooking by stolen gas.

"A gentleman's downstairs to see you," she said. "Name is Mr. Wiggins."

By such epithet was Piggy known to unfortunate ones who had to take him seriously.

Dulcie turned to the dresser to get her handkerchief, and then she stopped still and bit her underlip hard. While looking in her mirror she had seen fairyland and herself a princess just awakening from a long slumber. She had forgotten one that was watching her with sad, beautiful, stern eyes—the only one there was to approve or condemn what she did.

Straight and slender and tall, with a look of sorrowful reproach on his handsome, melancholy face, General Kitchener fixed his wonderful eyes on her out of his gilt photograph frame on the dresser.

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady.

"Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

After the door was closed and locked Dulcie fell upon her bed, crushing her black tip, and cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. He was Dulcie's ideal of a gallant knight. He looked as if he might have a secret sorrow, and his wonderful mustache was a dream, and she was a little afraid of that stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house some time and ask for her with his sword clanking against his high boots.

Once when a boy was rattling a piece of chain against a lamppost she had opened the window and looked out. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener was away over in Japan leading his army against the savage Turks and he would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night—yes, for that night.

When her cry was over Dulcie got up and took off her best dress and put on her old blue kimono. She wanted no dinner. She sang two verses of "Sammy." Then she became intensely interested in a little red speck on the side of her nose. And after that was attended to she drew up a chair to the rickety table and told her fortune with an old deck of cards.

"The horrid, impudent thing!" she said aloud. "And I never gave him a word or a look to make him think it!"

At 9 o'clock Dulcie took a tin box of crackers and a little pot of raspberry jam out of her trunk and had a feast.

She offered General Kitchener some jam on a cracker, but he looked at her only as the sphinx would have looked at a butterfly—if there are butterflies in the desert.

"Don't eat it if you don't want to," said Dulcie. "And don't put on so many airs and scold so with your eyes. I wonder if you'd be so superior and snippy if you had to live on $6 a week?"

It was not a good sign for Dulcie to be rude to General Kitchener. And then she turned Benvenuto Cellini face downward with a severe gesture. But that was not inexcusable, for she had always thought he was Henry VIII., and she did not approve of him.

At half past 9 Dulcie took a last look at the pictures on the dresser, turned out the light and skipped to

SHE OFFERED GENERAL KITCHENER SOME JAM ON A CRACKER.

bed. It's an awful thing to go to bed with a good night look at General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough and Benvenuto Cellini.

This story doesn't really get anywhere at all. The rest of it comes later some time when Piggy asks Dulcie again to dine with him, and she is feeling lonelier than usual, and General Kitchener happens to be looking the other way, and then—

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous looking angels and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I belonged with them.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working girls and paid 'em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?"

"Not on your immortality," said I. "I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies."

Frank Tomlinson, of Jonesville, aged 70 years, apparently lost his balance while reaching for a pail of water in a spring Sunday and fell into the water and was drowned.

The Martin Manufacturing Co., of Chester, with a capital stock of $5,000, organized for the purpose of manufacturing and selling all kinds of mechanical tools and to carry on a general manufacturing business, filed recently articles of incorporation in the office of the secretary of state at Montpelier.

Proof Positive.

Madge—How do you know she thinks she's pretty?

Marjorie—She is always suggesting to the girls that they have their pictures taken in a group.—Puck.

Obstructed Scenery.

Bell—Did you and Jack enjoy the ride in the taxicab?

Nell—No. We were too busy watching the indicator.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Corrupted His Style.

"The late Richard Watson Gilder," said a New York poet, "always opposed the reading of light literature. A poet, he said, could not read such literature without corrupting his literary style.

"He once told me that the poet in this respect was like Brown's parrot.

"Brown bought a parrot for $20 from a pet stock dealer and a week or two later returned to the shop and insisted that the bird be taken back.

"'What's the matter with it?' the dealer asked.

"'W-w-why,' said Brown, 'the durned c-c-critter st-stutters.'"

CAUTION IN THE MINT.

They Almost Strain the Air to Save Particles of Gold.

It has been aptly said that no miser guards his treasure more religiously than Uncle Sam watches over the precious metals that pass through his mints. Then, too, the precautions against waste are almost innumerable.

Every evening in each of the mints of the United States the floors of the melting rooms are swept cleaner than a New England housewife's kitchen. The dust is carefully put aside, and about once in two months the soot scraped from every flue is transferred to the same precious dust heap. This is then burned, and from its ashes the government derives no inconsiderable income. The earthenware crucibles used in melting are employed no more than three times. They are crushed beneath heavy rollers, and in their porous sides are found flakes of the precious metal.

In the melting room when the casters raise their ladles from the melting pots a shower of sparks fly from the molten surface of the metal. For the most part they are bits of incandescent carbon, but clinging to the carbon is often a minute particle of metal. Lest such particles should escape, the ashes and clinkers below the furnaces are gathered up at night. This debris is ground into powder by means of a steam crusher and then is sold to a smelter, like ordinary ore, at a price warranted by the assayer.

The ladles that stir the precious metal, the big iron rods, the strainers and the dippers, all are tested in a most curious fashion. After considerable use they become covered with a thin layer of oxidized silver, closely resembling a brown rust. The implements are then laid in baths of a solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away the iron and steel and leaves the silver untouched.

Gradually the ladle, or whatever the implement is, will disappear, and in its place remains a hollow silver counterpart of the original, delicate as spung glass. These fragile casts reproduce the ladle with perfect accuracy in all its details, although their surfaces are perforated with innumerable little holes. Scarcely have they been molded, however, before they are cast into a crucible to become in time dollars, quarters and dimes.

In one corner of the melting room there is a large tank into which newly cast silver bars are dropped and left to cool. Infinitesimal flakes of silver scale off and rise to the surface of the water, which acquires the metallic luster of a stagnant pool. Here is silver that must not be lost, so beneath the pipe through which the tank is emptied is banked a thick layer of mud. As the water filters through it the mud retains the precious residuum. Four times a year this mud is removed, and each experiment discloses the fact that some $50 has been saved.—Baltimore American.

His Text.

The three-year-old son of a Methodist minister was with his mother at a gathering of ladies. At the proper time he was given a cooky. He ate it in short order and asked for another. The hostess said:

"I'll give you another if you will sing for us."

"Can't sing," was his reply, "but I know something I can say."

"That will do all right," the lady answered, expecting to hear "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," or some other nursery classic.

But the little fellow drew himself up in real Sunday school fashion and said his piece:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

The lady gave him the cooky, and the whole company seemed to be very cheerful about it.—Harper's Magazine.

A Water Telescope.

Norwegian fishermen use a water telescope to ascertain the position of the herring shoals. This is the way to make the water telescope:

Procure a tube made of tin and funnel shaped about three and a half feet long and ten inches in diameter at the largest end. It should be wide enough at the top to take in the observer's eyes, and the inside should be painted black. At the bottom, or wide end, a clear, thick piece of glass must be inserted, with a little lead in the form of a ring to weight the tube. When the instrument is immersed in clear water it is astonishing how many fathoms down the observer can see.

The Sybarites.

The Sybarites were the inhabitants of the ancient city of Sybaris, in southern Italy, founded 720 B. C. They were so greatly addicted to voluptuousness and self indulgence that their name became a byword among the peoples of antiquity. The word "sybarite" is used at the present day to denote a person devoted to luxury and pleasure.

Sometimes There Isn't.

Flubbe—I'm going into the manufacture of something there ought to be money in.

Dubbe—What are you going to manufacture?

Flubbe—Pocketbooks and purses.—London Telegraph.

Why He Couldn't Work.

The Lady—My 'usband, sir, 'as sent me to say 'e won't be able to come and do the little job you arst 'im to. 'E's promised to go round the town with the unemployed.—London M. A. P.

One More Disappointment.

"Poor old Myer is dead, I see. He led a life full of disappointments."

"How glad he would have been to see his name in print!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Walking In His Sleep.

"Does your husband ever walk in his sleep?" asked the preacher.

"Oh, I guess so," replied the man's wife innocently. "He got up and walked out of church Sunday while you were preaching."—Yonkers Statesman.

They're Not In Life.

"Wives are always so truthful on the stage."

"Which shows that realism on the stage is an utter myth."—Kansas City Journal.

GUN COTTON.

A Peculiar Characteristic of This Terrible Explosive.

Many and odd are the materials entering into the manufacture of modern explosives, but perhaps the most interesting of all these elements of destruction as well as the simplest is gun cotton. The gun cotton manufacturing industry is large, as enormous quantities are used in the charging of torpedoes and for similar purposes.

The base of gun cotton is pure raw cotton or even cotton waste, such as is used to clean machinery. This is steeped in a solution of one part of nitric and three parts of sulphuric acid. It is the former ingredient that renders the mass explosive, the sulphuric acid being used merely to absorb all moisture, thus permitting the nitric acid to combine more readily with the cellulose of the cotton.

After being soaked for several hours in the solution described the cotton is passed between rollers to expel all nonabsorbed acid, a process carried to completion by washing the cotton in clear water. This washing process is a long one, requiring machinery which reduces the cotton to a mass resembling paper pulp. Should any nonabsorbed acid be allowed to remain it would decompose the cotton.

If the explosive is to be used after the manner of powder it is still further pulverized and then thoroughly dried, but if intended for torpedoes it is pressed into cakes of various shapes and sizes—disk shaped, cylindrical, flat squares and cubes. When not compressed gun cotton is very light, as light as ordinary batting.

A peculiar characteristic of this terrible explosive is that a brick of it when wet may be placed on a bed of hot coals, and as the moisture dries out the cotton will flake and burn quietly. If dry originally, however, the gun cotton will explode with terrible force at about 320 degrees of heat.

In general it is the custom to explode gun cotton by detonation or an intense shock instead of by heat. In a torpedo the explosive charge is wet, this wet cotton being exploded by means of dry cotton in a tube, this having been fired by a cap of fulminate of mercury, the cap itself having been fired by the impact of the torpedo against the target.—Harper's Weekly.

UNDER THE OCEAN.

Things That Happen at the Bottom of the Sea.

Naturalists dispute as to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea. Animals from below 700 fathoms either have no eyes or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding.

Another strange thing is that if the creatures in the lower depths have any color it is orange or red or reddish orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimps and crabs have this brilliant color. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines toward purple. Not a green or blue fish is found.

The orange red is the fish's protection, for the bluish green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or the red fish appear of a neutral tint and hides it from its enemies. Many animals are black, others neutral in color. Some fish are provided with boring tails, so that they can burrow in the mud.

The surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like an ordinary seabeach, showing that it is the feasting place of vast shoals of carnivorous animals.

A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shell, digests the meat and ejects the shell. Crabs crack the shells and suck out the meat. This accounts for whole mounds of shells that are often found.

Not a fishbone is ever found that is not honeycombed by the boring shellfish and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand. This shows what destruction is constantly going on in these depths.

If a ship sinks at sea with all on board it will be eaten by fish, with the exception of the metal, and that will corrode and disappear. Not a bone of a human body will remain after a few days.—Philadelphia North American.

Had to Do It.

Champ Clark was showing a constituent about the capitol one day when he invited attention to a solemn faced individual just entering a committee room.

"See that chap?" asked Clark. "He reads every one of the speeches delivered in the house."

"What!" gasped the constituent.

"Fact," said Clark. "Reads every word of 'em too!"

"Who is he?" queried the visitor, regarding the phenomenon closely.

"A proofreader at the government printing office," explained Champ.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Easy Numismatist.

Mrs. Goodart—You seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a professional man. Howard Hasher—Lady, I'm a numismatist by profession. Mrs. Goodart—A numismatist? Howard Hasher—Yes, lady; a collector of rare coins. Any old coin is rare to me.—Philadelphia Press.

Advice and a Mule.

"Givin' some men advice," said Uncle Eben, "reminds me of tryin' to discipline my ol' mule wif a fence rail. It tires out de giver and hurts de receiver, but don't make no real diff'unce."—Washington Star.

The Other Half.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No. That is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

Putting Him Wise.

"I'd like to make you my wife," said the practical young man, "but they tell me you can't keep house."

"Don't you believe all they tell you," rejoined the girl in the case. "You get the house and put it in my name, and I'll prove to you that I can keep it."—Exchange.

The engineers' department of the Rutland railroad is making plans for additions to the present repair shops, which will cost, with their equipment, $60,000.

FOR A HAPPY DAY.

The Gown For the Girl and the Man That Bought It.

By M. M'C.-WILLIAMS.

Out in the garden Philomena sang so sweet and high it was like the scent of the clove pinks. They stretched in a matted mass all up and down the old fashioned borders. The garden was big, and a wide, weathered gray house brooded beside it. Time was when the Tryon house had been the finest and most hospitable in all the countryside. In the day of broken fortunes it still kept an aroma of cheery good will.

Lusty hundred leaf roses grew behind the bordering pinks. Philomena was snipping them ruthlessly, cutting them without stems and dropping them in her apron. It bulged ridiculously with the mass of bloom, but she kept crowding in clipped pinky white petals, pretending to be conscious of nothing but her work.

Somebody had come up behind her, a tall young fellow, supple and merry eyed. He undid the apron strings delicately, gathered the band in his hands, stretching daring arms about her waist and said: "Stop slaying your thousands, Phil! One rose ought to love her sisters too well for wholesale murder."

Philomena slid from his clasp, dexterously leaving the huddled apron within his hands. "If I were a rose I had rather be clipped for potpourri than be left to waste and wither," she said, with a delicious upward tilt of the chin.

"Being interpreted, that means you have not given up a stage career," Arthur Wayne said, catching her hand. "Phil, Phil," he went on, "you must give it up. I cannot bear to think of my rose, my rose of all the world, withering, fading, in the glare of the footlights."

"Stop! We have gone over all that!" Philomena said imperiously. "I tell you I must go. It is past bearing, the way things are now. Oh, I know my aunts would not starve! They've a roof over their heads, and Uncle John—But I cannot speak of him. What I cannot bear longer is to see them pinched, unhappy, lacking the little comforts that mean so much in age, feeling themselves dependent."

"You know our home would be theirs," Arthur interrupted.

Phil gave him a reproachful look. "You won't understand," she said. "All their lives they have been somebody, gentlewomen, able to hold up their heads. Gentlewomen hate charity. They risked money and lost it against uncle's advice for my sake. Now, when I am told I have a fortune in my throat, I must take care of them, even if it breaks my heart."

The last word was under breath. Wayne made to draw her to him, but a brisk, bustling voice behind them said: "So ho! Very pretty! Upon my word, very pretty! Are we rehearsing for Strephon and Chloe?" Then without waiting answer the newcomer ran on: "Miss Tryon, be ready for the early train tomorrow. I've a letter from Franzoni. He will try your voice, provided you come to him by 10 o'clock in the morning."

"I shall go with you," Arthur said, openly taking Phil in his arms. "I said you must choose, dear. Let me take it back. If go you will, let me follow—everywhere."

"No, no! I will not let you spoil your life!" Phil protested, but he held her fast, saying as he looked Music Master Graham square in the eye: "Philomena is my promised wife and not by a fair weather promise. Wherever you may take her I shall go too."

Graham's eyes were quizzical, yet not unkind. "That's as you please, young man," he said, waving his hand up and down. "But if you'll heed a friendly word, stay behind, at least at first. You see, you'd be so patently, so palpably romantic you'd be set down not as a fact, but a press agent's fake. The voice there," nodding toward Philomena, "is so pure, so golden, so rarely true, it needs to be kept high, not vulgarized. I give you my word the roaring lions supposed to haunt stage doors are really no more than yelping curly poodles. They tag after and fawn upon you for an encouraging look or word, come to the whistle and tumble over themselves to follow a finger even half lifted. But, as for danger, any friend, even an unconscious look scares them. Miss Tryon has only to be herself in order to be always and everywhere perfectly safe."

"Notwithstanding I shall go," Arthur said obstinately.

Graham shrugged his shoulders. Miss Tryon, the elder of the aunts, came tripping between the borders, her delicately wrinkled face exhaling a spiritual fragrance like the scent of dried rose leaves. "Come in, all of you," she said eagerly. "There's a peddler on the piazza, an elderly man, and he looks so tired carrying that heavy pack. Such lovely things! Yes," deprecatingly to Philomena, "Martha and I let him show them, but indeed it was after we had told him we could not buy. I thought, though, maybe, Arthur—only his mother gets so much in the city. But really there is the loveliest length of brocade, almost exactly like my grandmother's second day's silk."

As she spoke she had huddled the other three in front of her toward the house, much as she would have marshaled fowls a trifle unruly.

At the piazza steps Philomena sat down, but the men both fell to examining the peddler's wares. Graham, indeed, almost instantly caught up the length of brocade, crying as he threw it over Philomena's shoulder, "Here's exactly what is wanted for your fine opera costume!"

In spite of herself Phil gave a little delighted cry, the silvery satin ground was so rich and lustrous, the appliqué bloom strewn over it so perfect in line and color. She was sorry when the peddler said respectfully:

"That, sir, is an ordered bit, so not for sale."

"Get another piece for your order. I'm bound to have this one," said Graham good humoredly.

The peddler shook his head. "There is not another piece like it," he said. "This was specially woven for a bridal day gown."

"Who is to wear it?" Philomena asked softly, stifling a sigh. Somehow she found herself trembling, all her courage oozing away. She wished as she had never wished before that she had somebody of her very own to lean on. Her mother had died when she was born. Her father had gone away, disappeared, leaving her only a clouded name for heritage. She had never known until the trouble came; then Uncle John had spoken harsh truth. It was that as much as love for the two dear old ladies which kept her steadfast to the thought of going into the world and winning its applause.

She had never been curious or envious, but somehow there swelled in her a sense of passionate injury against the unknown who was to wear the happy day gown, ordered no doubt by a father's loving pride. She crushed the rich fabric between her fingers and fixed a long look upon the peddler's face.

"A girl is to wear it—that is, if she chooses," the peddler said, moving a step nearer.

Then she saw that he was more travel worn and weary than aged. Dimly, uncertainly, she saw, too, a likeness that drew her electrically to her feet. Through the open hall door her father's portrait showed in the bloom and strength of young manhood. She glanced from it to the peddler and back again, then stood white as death, facing him, too shaken to speak. His eyes followed hers and grew misty as he cried:

"Sisters! Daughter! So I have really kept my place! Philomena, my baby, the happy day gown was brought for you."

The Prevention of Fear.

What we fear comes upon us, but fear is our own creation. Each person makes his own fears, and each person can become absolutely free from fear by not creating fear any more. Other people cannot make us afraid. They may do things that tend to make us afraid, but it is only when we permit our minds to take up such suggestions from without that we can become afraid. The same is true of circumstances. No circumstances can produce fear in any mind. Circumstances may impress our minds, but only when we permit, and nothing can affect us in the least until we have first given it permission to impress our minds, says Progress Magazine. What comes into our minds we must voluntarily receive. We must first open the door and we have the power to receive what we like and exclude what we like. We can close the mental door to everything that might produce fear and open that door to those things that only give harmony, wholeness, power and joy.

Which of Your Eyes Cries?

It seems a positively absurd question to ask, "Which of your eyes cries?" In an everyday, common or garden cry it is well known that salt tears make their appearance and rush away down the face seemingly as fast from one as from the other, whichever the "other" may be, but if careful note is made, more especially with emotional people, it will be found that one of the eyes has a special emotional tendency and often opens the tear valve before its companion has decided upon the unhappy event. Probably the best method of discovering the emotional eye is to attend a pathetic stage play and when the weeping period comes along look out for tear No. 1. The writer attended such a piece recently and was somewhat astonished to find that all his grief came from the right eye. Whether the solution to the problem is to be found in the fact that he was leaning on his right arm must and can be decided only by an expert.—Exchange.

Following Instructions.

The old broker returned and found his new office boy gazing absently over the roof tops. To his horror and indignation he found that his costly Swiss clock was missing from its accustomed place in the corner.

"Boy," he demanded in thunderous tones, "where is my clock?"

"I don't know, sir," was the calm and unruffled response.

"Didn't I tell you not to go out until I returned?"

"I didn't, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"Right here, sir."

"What? You mean to tell me that you have been sitting right there and allowed some one to come in and steal the clock? Well, of all the numskulls I ever met you are the limit. What excuse have you for such carelessness?"

"A good one, sir. When I first came here you told me you didn't want a boy who would sit around and watch the clock, so I haven't given it a glance, sir."—Chicago News.

Quota Complete.

Stranger—What are you erecting a statue here for? Your town is full of statues now.

Citizen—This place is famous for being the only place in town that isn't famous for something.—Detroit Free Press.

A Reminder.

Lady (at railway station)—Now, porter, are you sure I have all my luggage in the carriage?

Porter—Yes, ma'am.

Lady—Nothing left behind?

Porter—Nothin', ma'am; not even a copper, ma'am.—London Fun.

The number of births in White River Junction last year was 99, marriages 55, and deaths 52.

The Windsor Machine company has 300 names on its payroll.

John E. Foley, of Bethel, bought a horse from a friend in Waitsfield and made payment by a check on the National White River Bank which proves to be worthless. The friend went to Bethel last Friday to look up the matter and found that Foley had left town after selling the horse.

The Rev. John W. Barnett, pastor of the First Congregational church at Marblehead, Mass., has accepted a call from the Congregational church at Barre.